

# **Ghostbusters**

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## [\*\*Ghostbusters by ghibliterritory\*\*](#)

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**Genre:** Gen, ghost hunting sorta, it's like Streddie if you squint, spooky things in honor of halloween

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**Summary:**

These are not the kind of people you want to take care of your ghosts.

## **Ghostbusters**

“This place smells like shit.”

It was all that Eddie was hearing. The same thing from Richie, over and over again as they explored the interior of the Well House. That it smelled like shit. He wasn’t even wrong- all Eddie could detect was the smell of rotting wood and probably dead animals. But it was the fact that he was right, and they all knew it, yet he kept repeating it- that was what made it so infuriating to hear.

“We get it, Richie.” He heard Stan mutter from his left. The poor guy sounded just as tired of it as he felt. “But, you know, you didn’t have to drag us in here.”

“Of course I did! Do you *know* what kind of humiliation if I talked such tough shit about this place, then felt too chicken to come in?” The self proclaimed comedian asked with a scoff. “Bev would never let me hear the end of it, and I don’t know about you toothpick motherfuckers, but I’m not gonna get laughed at by a girl. Especially when she’s already made my reputation hell for having more balls than me.”

“Your reputation has *been* ruined, dude.” Eddie grumbled. He heard a sharp snort come from Stan, and suppressed his own grin. An unamused huff from Richie’s direction helped to envision the scowl on his face. “Oh, sure, make fun of the adventurous one.”

The clearly more sane of the trio looked to each other, rolling their eyes almost in unison. Eddie then looked ahead again, holding his flashlight tightly. The grip was starting to make his fingers fall asleep,

and his wrist was sore by this point. “In all seriousness, though, why did you drag us in here with you? We were fine standing outside.”

“Because if I’m going to die in here, I’m dragging you sorry sons of bitches with me. I need people to bug in hell!” Richie said, as if it were an obvious thing. But it was so dumb that Stan actually had to stop, looking at the other like he sprouted two heads. “Are you kidding? You made us come into the fucking Well House with you because you want to fuck with us in- okay, no, fuck this, I’m leaving.” He turned without another word, stomping towards the exit.

Richie looked like he actually saw a ghost when he said that, quickly dashing after Stan and grabbing his wrist. “Wait, come on, man, don’t be a pussy about it! It’s not even haunted!”

“I don’t care if it’s haunted, it’s *gross* !” Stan barely yanked his hand away when a loud groan came from upstairs. All the boys yelped, and shined their flashlights at the ceiling. It was still, and no other noise was heard except for their shaky breathing. Eddie swore his flashlight was shaking in his hand. Or, maybe it was just his hand shaking. “Does that sound like not haunted to you, Richie?”

The other was too focused on the ceiling to reply. Instead, a shit eating grin spread onto his face and he ran upstairs. Eddie called after him, but Richie was gone in a flash. He groaned. This is why he didn’t go into haunted houses with Richie fucking Tozier of all people.

His eyes went over to Stan, who looked paler than usual. “Are you still gonna bail and leave me with that asshole?” Eddie asked with little enthusiasm. A short silence passed, before his friend sighed. “Let’s go save him.”

The two boys followed the direction up the stairs, shining their flashlights on the peeling paint of the walls and the discarded trash and dead leaves on the floor. It was an ugly sight, and the shitty smell was just worse than downstairs. It made Eddie gag, reaching into his pocket to pull his inhaler out. He took a small shot of air, feeling relaxed when Stan's hand rested on his shoulder. "Richie?" His friend called, leading them down the hallway. "You better not be dead, I really can't afford to skip the temple potluck to go to your fucking funeral."

"Guys, check it out!" Richie's voice rang through the house, earning a short yelp from Eddie. His body tensed up. "Don't fucking yell like that, asshole!" He said through gritted teeth, before pausing. "...What did you find?"

"A dead rat!"

Both Stan and Eddie were groaning now, following the direction of his voice. Richie stood in the dead center of what they could guess what the master bedroom, staring down at the rotting corpse of a dead rat. It didn't look too recent, and Eddie had to look away almost as soon as he saw it for fear of puking on sight. "God, dude, get away from that thing! You're gonna get, like seventy infections just from being near it!"

Nothing but silence followed as Richie kept his eyes on the rat. Eddie looked back, and they all just... stared at it. Then, Richie moved onto his knee, getting a better look. Stan furrowed his brow in confusion, and Eddie felt sick. "What are you doing?" He asked. More silence followed, and Richie reached a hand out towards the rat. "What are you- oh, my god, Richie I swear to god if you- *EUGH!*" Eddie

squealed as Richie picked up the dead corpse, standing again.

“I wonder when this thing died. It looks rotted as shit.” He commented, switching to dangling it from its tail. “It doesn’t fucking matter when it died!” Eddie fired back, looking away for only a few seconds before looking back again. Fuck his curiosity. Stan made a bit of a face. “Drop it before you get-”

Almost on cue, the rat’s tail broke away from the body, and left Richie to holding it while the corpse fell back to the ground. It landed with a splat, some rat bits going onto his shoes. Eddie stared at the fallen corpse in pure shock. “Oh, my god-” He whispered. Richied bust out into obnoxious laughter, dropping the tail as he hunched over the hold his stomach. “Did you see that?! It just fuckin- that was- Jesus !” He was wheezing, this shit was so funny. Stan was actually trying not to laugh, biting his lips and letting his shoulders bounce in a poor attempt not to start giggling. Eddie just looked disgusted, lifting his hands in defeat and turning away entirely. “That is *enough* of that. We have seen plenty of dead shit today. Let’s go-”

Another groan came from the house, making all of the boys stop dead in their tracks. The groan shifted around, and became a thud. Like a footstep. Another footstep was heard, right outside the shut little door in the master bedroom, which must have lead to the next room over. Another footstep-groan sounded. The three were huddled together, flashlights shining as they watched the door. Scratching came from behind it, until the door actually cracked open a little. The second it started to push open, the boys screamed and started to scramble out of the house. It was a trip down the stairs, with Richie nearly giving himself a concussion with a sturdy fall before Stan grabbed the back of his shirt to yank him up. They rushed out of the house, past the fence, and down the street for at least another mile before they got too tired and collapsed on the side of the road.

Laying in the grass, they all panted and sighed in relief. Eddie sat up and took another shot from his inhaler, staring down the road. Then at Richie, who's face was red as a tomato from running. "That's why we don't go in haunted fucking houses!"

The other turned his head, giving him a scowl. "Oh, shut up."

"I'm never doing that again." Stan said from beside him, staring up at the sky. "Never, never, ever doing that bullshit again." That could be said for all of them. Richie eventually stood up, brushing the grass off his shorts and looking over his companions. "Well. I don't know about you guys, but I'm going to grab some ice cream and rub it in Beverly's face that I made it. Who's in?"

Eddie and Stan stayed their for just a second, but ended up standing rather fast and joining him on the trip to get ice cream, despite their cursing and grumbling. Their hands were laced together- Stan's in Eddie's, and Eddie's in Richie's- while they walked, and when the time came for Richie to finally share the story of the shitty smelling house and it's contents, the other two boys couldn't help but smile as they listened. They weren't the best ghostbusters out there, but this was a good start and end to that career.

Back at the well house, a raccoon poked it's head out from the tiny door of the well house. Its little nose twitched as it went to find food, leaving behind the room with fallen objects from its earlier attempt to find a way out. It passed by a shadow leading downstairs, where a well sat unattended to. In the dark, you almost wouldn't be able to see a dirty, gloved hand grasping the edge of the crumbling stone, aiding to hoist up a rather unfriendly terror. Yellow teeth gleamed in the shadows, and wide eyes looked around it's atmosphere. It had been listening to the boys upstairs, taking interest.

It wondered which one of them would be a good meal.